

Short Poetic Dream 20201224052532678280

Texts Used: [The Wasteland](#) by T.S. Eliot

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

on the divan are piled at night her bed

stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

i Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,
rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.
but at my back from time to time I hear
and bones cast in a little low dry garret,
rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.
but at my back from time to time I hear
and bones cast in a little low dry garret,
rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.
flung their smoke into the laquearia,
stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
huge sea-wood fed with copper
your shadow at morning striding behind you
or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
i will show you fear in a handful of dust.
dry bones can harm no one.
only a cock stood on the rooftree
if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.
others can pick and choose if you can't.
footsteps shuffled on the stair.
under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
spread out in fiery points
sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

i will show you fear in a handful of dust.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

i will show you fear in a handful of dust.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

dry bones can harm no one.

only a cock stood on the roof-tree

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

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she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

you are a proper fool, I said.

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then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

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HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

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and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

he passed the stages of his age and youth

entering the whirlpool.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,

rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,

rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.

but at my back from time to time I hear

you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

what you get married for if you don't want children?

on the divan are piled at night her bed

stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

others can pick and choose if you can't.

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

prison and palace and reverberation

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

huge sea-wood fed with copper

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

what you get married for if you don't want children?

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

i will show you fear in a handful of dust.

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

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then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

huge sea-wood fed with copper

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

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then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

prison and palace and reverberation

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

dull roots with spring rain.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

he passed the stages of his age and youth

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

on the divan are piled at night her bed

stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

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i Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

others can pick and choose if you can't.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

huge sea-wood fed with copper

on the divan are piled at night her bed

stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

dry bones can harm no one.

only a cock stood on the roof-tree

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

dull roots with spring rain.

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

he passed the stages of his age and youth

the meal is ended, she is bored and tired,

endeavours to engage her in caresses

which still are unreprieved, if undesired.

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

the meal is ended, she is bored and tired,

endeavours to engage her in caresses

which still are unreprieved, if undesired.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

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HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

dry bones can harm no one.

only a cock stood on the rooftree

co co rico co co rico

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

dry bones can harm no one.

only a cock stood on the rooftree

co co rico co co rico

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,
rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.
but at my back from time to time I hear
flung their smoke into the laquearia,
stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
huge sea-wood fed with copper
crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

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sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
and each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,

rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.

but at my back from time to time I hear

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

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you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

others can pick and choose if you can't.

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sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

on the divan are piled at night her bed

stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

what you get married for if you don't want children?

and if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

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your shadow at morning striding behind you

or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

i will show you fear in a handful of dust.

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

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flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

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oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

prison and palace and reverberation

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,

what you get married for if you don't want children?

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HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

i can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,

rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.

but at my back from time to time I hear

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

he passed the stages of his age and youth

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

and bones cast in a little low dry garret,

rattled by the rats foot only, year to year.

but at my back from time to time I hear

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

others can pick and choose if you can't.

oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

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oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.

then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.

ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

if you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.

others can pick and choose if you can't.

but if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

prison and palace and reverberation

on the divan are piled at night her bed

stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

flung their smoke into the laquearia,

stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

huge sea-wood fed with copper

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HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

after the agony in stony places

the shouting and the crying

after the agony in stony places

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lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

dull roots with spring rain.

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IT'S them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.

she's had five already, and nearly died of young George.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

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others can pick and choose if you can't.

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